

OF LOCKED,
SNOW STREWN
TUXEDO PARK.

Gayeties of the New Year's Week
at Society's Beautiful Coun-
try Colony.

OUTDOOR SPORTS, INDOOR PLEASURES.

Skating and Ice Boating on the Lake,
Sliding on Toboggans, Sleighting
and Pigeon Shooting.

WHO WERE AT THE BALL

Columbia College Boys in "Lafayette"
at the Berkeley Lyceum and How
They Looked in Costume.

WEDDINGS AND OTHER EVENTS.

Gossip About the Country Club,
Newport, Washington and
Florida.

RQUESTS for rooms at
Tuxedo during the past
week were so frequent
and persistent that one
might have imagined
there must be a plague in
town.

And why shouldn't
there have been an epidemic
from streets that were
left in a well nigh im-
passable condition?

It was like a dream, so
great was the transfor-
mation from mud-frescoed
heaps to a grand pros-
pect of virgin snow.

The carping critic would doubtless say, "We go
into the country around holiday times because its
English, you know."

But I'll wager the most acrid pessimist that if he
had the means and the privilege of enjoying the
same delights he would be the first to jump at them.

Sleighting, skating, tobogganing, pigeon shooting
and curling were the events of the week at Tuxedo,
not omitting, of course, the greatest event, the
New Year's ball.

The early part of the week was the more enjoy-
able.

On New Year's Day it rained metaphorical cats
and dogs, the Fates seeming to have put their
ban upon the holiday, as they did with Christmas
the preceding week, when a blizzard snowed
everything under.

But what joys were there during that period?
From Jersey City to the beautiful lodge and gate
of field stones, dark with lichen, moss and ivy, at
the entrance to the park, there was one white
carpet of snow.

And within the exclusive grounds of the Park
the air, keen and crisp, the sun shining brilliantly,
the foresty dull and sighing, sleigh bells jingling,
voices audible and mingled with the sounds of the
snow.

On the road.

hardy, were the influences that stole upon the
senses and wiled one to wish that winter might
last for weeks and that dull care should take its
flight from a round of health giving pleasures.

Mr. George Griswold, seated in an easy chair be-
fore the big open fire of crackling logs in the large
hall at the club house, was the centre of indoor
life.

Sparks shot forth from the glowing fireplace, and,
bursting, incensed the room with a balmy odor of
seasoned oak.

But he could not confine his vigorous spirits to the
contemplation of moose heads on the wall, mag-
azines on the tables, ivory spheres in the billiard
room, tea and cocktails, for hoary old winter beck-
oned them forth to the frozen lake, the crystal
roads and the icy toboggan chutes.

Genuine country raiment was the style of the
Tuxedolites.

For instance, a gentleman well known in social
circles of New York is standing at the entrance to
the club house, a friend alights from the "jigger,"
as the little covered stage on runners is called, and
as he leans down his travelling bag and looks his
host over he remarks—

"Well, old man, where did you get those togs?
They must come high."

The occasion for this *jeu de mot* is a pair of
breaches of brown homespun, met at the knee by
dark woolen stockings, evidently knitted by hand;

heavy hob nailed shoes, a peajacket and a sealskin
cap completing the costume.

A pipe was an accessory to the gentleman's
ensemble.

Let it not be imagined for a moment that events
are fixed at Tuxedo requiring a man or a woman to
hurry out of bed in the morning and don this or
that appropriate costume; nor that the afternoons
and evenings demand their presence at stated mo-
ments in regulation outfits.

There is no rule about anything.

If you wish to toboggan you consult your own

sweet will and do so or not, as the result of your
consultation may suggest, although the evening is
the more popular time for that delicious, harrow-
ing sport.

Here is a picture.

The sun has set long ago, having tinted the
sky with pink and purple and lined the scudding
clouds with liquid gold, leaving all now in darkest
azure to be pierced by the stars; the great bowl
formed by the trees that surround the lake is a
mirror of ice, clear as glass and flaked here and
there by winnows of snow, as though quicksilver
had forced through from the under side.

Lights twinkle in the windows of cottages on
every hand, muffled figures crunch the snow be-
neath their feet, girlish laughter falls upon the ear
with the sound of tinkling silver; two long rows of
kerosene lights, each curling itself into fantastic
shapes, stretch down a decline of forty-five degrees
and then disappear in the distance across a long
flat of snow; high on a mountain close by looms a
"cottage" that suggests the Landgrave's palace on
the Wartburg, where Tannhauser wooed, won and
lost the sweet Elizabeth.

Swathed in blanket-like coats and mufflers, your
feet encased in arctics, your hands gloved, your
head muffled up you take your seat on the tobog-
gan with a pretty woman's legs doubled up under
your last vertebrae and down the steep you go at a
mile a minute gait.

What a moment of sweet solitude dashing
through the icy air!

An electric shock seems to have thrilled your
anatomy!

The tears flow, but your heart thumps when that
divine creature grasps you with a caress that sug-
gests—

Here love shall bless you;
Here endeth longing;
Soft arms shall press you;
And bliss through

The artist has cleverly caught a sketch of one of
the tobogganers about to take a leap down the ice-
coated chute—it is a chute about the shape of a
big V with the bottom squared off.

For reasons of delicacy let us withhold the
lovely creature's name.

She was about to start, when, true to the charac-
teristics of her dear, fickle sex, she changed her
mind and whirled her nether limbs to one side.

The gentleman of extraordinary "get up" was
her gallant and he almost forgot his British accent
in the agony of calling to her to save herself from
going down the slide head first and nothing to pro-
tect her from the hard, cold ice.

Horror! Think of such a mishap!

Mishaps, although never serious, are of frequent
occurrence on the toboggan slide, but to bright,
healthy people, whose cheeks glow and whose eyes
sparkle, while their bosoms fairly undulate with
expectant and realized pleasure, these are but con-
tributors to the zest of the sport.

A lady on Tuesday last was accompanied to the
slide "by her pet poodle, an intelligent little beast,
and possessed of dog-gone good taste in his selection
of a mistress.

He had a rival on this occasion, however, for
there was a gentleman in the case who wished to
take milder down the slide, and "doggie" (that
was his title) persisted in keeping his nasal organ in
the very best of joint.

"Oh, won't somebody keep doggie?" was the
sweet but petulant exclamation that brought Mr.
Poodle to grief.

One of the men in charge held the dog until the
toboggan had gone.

Then, releasing the little fellow, the man saw to
his dismay a streak of black fly through the air,
and, with a yelp, the dog starting to run down the
incline after the toboggan.

What a surprised little dog that was when he
found he could do nothing but brace all fours and
slide!

"Kally's slide was no circumstance to that,"
shouted a bystander.

And now poor little doggie's feet are done up in
vaseline and cotton.

Skating and ice boating were done by daylight.

It was no uncommon sight all the week (until
the cruel rain came) to behold a score or two of
men and women on steel runners cutting grapevines
and occasionally seeing stars.

One of the ice boats started out on a day
early in the week with a fair wind and lots of to-
bacco, but before he had gone many leagues he
had run out of tobacco and his boat out of
wind.

The most natural sequence was that he should
become exhausted and fall faint from hunger and
that his yacht should stand still from lack of mo-
tive power, not being acquainted with Chicago.

The New Year's ball was, as I have already said,
the event of the week.

The circular hall room was beautifully decorated
with Christmas greens and the best metropolitan
music was on hand.

As on all similar occasions the antitheses of big
men dancing with small women and vice versa
were to be found.

And to name those present will be sufficient to
let the public know as to what was the character
of the august occasion.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. A.
Whittier, Mrs. Burke Roche, W. P. Hamilton, J. C.
Drayton, E. N. Teller, O. J. Wells, H. Legrand
Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wetmore, J. W. Gerard,
Jr.; Edward Remey, Louis Lorillard, Jr.; C.
T. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Cary,
Miss M. Cary, Mrs. G. G. Williams, Miss
C. J. Williams, Mrs. R. Woodworth, Miss Ashmore,
Miss Woodworth, Miss Van Rensselaer, R. S. Min-
tura, H. P. Case, J. L. Erving, Mr. and Mrs. S. M.
Fulton, Jr.; J. L. Harriman, Henry Chauncey, Jr.;
W. G. Welling, F. R. Condit and the Misses
Condit and Misses Robinson, A. A. Bibby, F. J.
Dieter, J. Magoun, E. J. Knowlton and Miss Knowl-
ton, A. R. Conklin, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hunt,
William Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hunt,
Ewd. Everett, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Curtis, Mr. and
Mrs. J. L. Dreese, J. Gerard Buckley, F. D. Weeks,
W. K. Richardson, F. S. Carter, Mrs. A. E. Foster, Mr.
and Mrs. A. T. French, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lord, the
Misses Yarnum, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Davis, Mr. and
Mrs. W. W. Cryder, Miss Cryder, J. B. Murray, J. J.
Astor, J. W. Woodfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Foster,

Frederic De Peyster, Foster, Sir Richard Mortimer,
Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Mr. and Mrs. W.
Greenville Kane, James Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. W.
R. Chase, Miss B. R. French, Mr. and Mrs. W.
Yanaga, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cooper Howitt, Erskine
Hewitt, Miss Sallie Hewitt, Oliver Harriman, Jr.;
Frederic H. Allen, W. A. Abbott, Ridgway Moore,
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C.
Rushmore, R. L. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. E. C.
Bradley, Miss Grace Carley, D. Mottis Livingston,
Miss Pomeroy, George Ronalds, Ashton Potter,
Clarkson Potter, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Pell, J. M. Var-
num and Wendell Goodwin.

The performance of "Lafayette" by the Colum-
bia College boys at the Berkeley Lyceum was un-
doubtedly good.

The libretto was spirited, though too much in-
clined to bad puns, and the cast was above that of
last year.

There was a great deal of vim and spirit in the
acting and the stage work was excellent.

Mr. R. Lee Morrell, of course, was good. He
always is and he played with all there was in
him and made the part of Fayette a very amus-
ing one.

Captain Paul Jones, impersonated by W. Travis,
danced admirably and would, I think, have taken
the part of Isabel better than G. B. C. Hogan, whose
dancing, while painstaking and showy, lacked the
esprit that Mr. Thomas Kelly used to put into his
dancing.

W. Culver, as the Duchess of Monmouth Park,
made a hit, and his topical song was appreciated
even by the Englishmen in the audience.

Don Jose, in the person of Mr. Eugene O. Sulli-
van, had a capital accent but spoke a trifle too
quickly, and William G. M. Anderson made a robust
Suzanne.

The performance ran smoothly, but the trouble
experienced in getting carriages made an unpleas-
ant ending to an agreeable evening.

The Country Club of Westchester holds a meet-
ing of the members at the club house on Friday
next to consider the desirability of raising the
initiation fee to \$100 and the annual dues to \$109
and of raising the life membership from \$400 to
\$1,000.

While the club is at present able to make the two
ends meet the governors find their hands tied, as
they are afraid to strike out boldly and by offering
further attractions make the club more popular.

This is all very well in the abstract, but \$100 is a
large yearly fee to pay for belonging to a club in
the country, and there is certain to be a number of
resignations.

Many men do not use the club more than half a
dozen times a year, and these naturally object to
paying \$90 a year for the privilege.

At the same time it must be remembered that
when they do come they expect everything to be
perfect.

However, the idea was thoroughly thrashed out
at the meeting.

The fashion of placing hands of fur on evening
dresses has increased a great deal this year, and
the combination thus made is a very pretty one.

A white dress with a band of black lace, a yellow
dress with soft white draperies and brown mink, a
dress with soft white draperies and brown mink, a

chancel, particularly if she has the length of train
that has been the fashion this year.

Miss Grace Carley has also agreed to give the
wedding friends a chance to see a very fair bride
on the 29th and every one will be glad her wedding
is in town and not at Tuxedo, as was at first re-
ported.

Mr. and Mrs. James Waterbury had a large party
at "Pleasance" for New Year's Day, a private
car at the Grand Central making the trip a comfort-
able one.

While "Pleasance" is a large house, it has a very
agreeable annex in the large riding school, which
makes it impervious to the assaults of wind and
weather, as there is always something to do.

Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius
Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Sloane and Mr. Butler
Duncan.

Next week we shall be danced off our legs, and
Sunday will see a number of very tired people in
this city.

To-morrow night the Second Patriarchs will fill
Delmonico's and on Tuesday the Charity ball and
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's musicale will divide public
attention.

On Wednesday Mrs. Austin Corbin fills the gap
with a small dance and Thursday is taken up with
the Assembly, which has allowed the Thursday
Evening Club literally into the middle of next week.

Friday will do for sleep and reflection or a little
light amusement such as the opera and a dancing
class or two, while Mrs. Whitney supplies the amuse-
ment for Saturday night, and her capital house
for a dance will once more re-echo with Lander's
strains.

Opera goers have been grumbling a great deal at
the amount of talking in the boxes, and particu-
larly in one box, which seems to be a perpetual
spring of conversation and gaudy, and has had the
honor of being hissed.

A certain amount of conversation is allowable,
but uproariousness is decidedly bad form and
should be suppressed.

There is constant friction on the subject of cards

very pale gray with chinchilla trimmings have been
among the prettiest effects seen this season.

A couple of debutantes have also appeared in
stone blue reception dresses, with bands of brown
beaver, and a brown dress, with the same fur in
horizontal bands, looked extremely well.

It is not often that debutantes' teas are held
after January.

Mrs. Barron, however, has elected to introduce
her daughter on the 10th of January at a reception
at No. 17 Washington place.

Miss Barron made her bow to society at the Pa-
triarchs', and has received at several teas and goes
to the opera regularly, so the social plunge will not
be a shock.

The thaw made New Year's Day a dreary failure
in the country as well as in getting to country
places.

Many a dam and bedraggled female com-
menced the new year with good resolutions to stay
at home while thaws were in vogue.

The Country Club of Westchester was well
patronized.

A number sleighed out in the morning, but had
to come home by train.

The green shooting was good.

Mr. Duane made a wonderful score, of course,
dividing or winning most of the cups and stakes.

Among those who patronized the huge fireplace
in the hall were Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, Mrs. The-
band, Mr. Willie Sands, Mrs. Marion Story, Mr.
Jackson, Mrs. Archie Pell, who took a large party;
Mrs. McCroskey Butt and Miss Remsen.

The prizes were handsome, one a huge silver

pitcher, and others a silver celery dish, a pair of
entree dishes and silver sugar bowl.

The birds, however, were not particularly lively,
and the scoring was very heavy.

The shooters included Messrs. Phil, Allen and
George Ade, Ford Huntington, Marion Story

Willie Sands, J. Seaver Page, W. Duane, Newberry
Thorne, T. Thorne, M. Simpkins.

It was miserable work, cold and damp, and there
was an absence of hilarity and fun which is un-
usual at New Year gatherings.

There has been a good deal of dancing in the city
during the past week in spite of the stagnant ap-
pearance of affairs last Sunday.

Mrs. Heber Bishop's dance for her daughter (not
out) brought a number of young girls to the fore,
who will be seen in society in a year or two, and a
few friends, such as the Turners, the Harrimans,
the Ogden Millies and the Lancers.

The cotton favors were rather curiosities, and
though simple, a good deal of pains had been
taken in their selection.

Mrs. Andrews' supper turned into a dance and
there were one or two meetings of the dancing
classes at the Mendelssohn Glee Club room and at
Sherry's.

There is talk of getting up a flower show in
Leont, and a prominent florist has it under con-
sideration.

It would be an admirable time for a good exhibi-
tion, and if half a dozen of the leading florists
would bury the hatchet and join together to make
the thing a success it would make a very agreeable
break in the dull season.

The matrimonial market is very dull just now.
No one has been engaged to Mr. Jack Astor for at
least a month, and what heiresses there are about
have been left alone.

Even the Britishers visiting here have escaped
the shafts of the gossip.

Marriages are few and far between, and Miss
Maud Robbins has conferred a favor on mankind
by selecting the 10th as her wedding day.

The string of ushers and bridesmaids will fill the



IN THE BALLROOM.

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change their hunting clothes for evening dress and
mix for a brief time with the social world.

Another of Washington's prettiest girls will soon
be a countess.

Miss Florence Audenried and Count Devonne, of
Paris, France, are to be married on Wednesday,
January 14.

Of course it will be a noon wedding, and St.
Matthew's Roman Catholic Church, where so many
historic events have taken place, will be the scene
of this interesting alliance.

The bride-elect is the only daughter of the late
Colonel Audenried, who was of General Sherman's
staff.

His widow lives here in comfort and affluence,
and her life has been given up to the gratification
of her daughter's every wish. Mrs. Audenried is a
Philadelphia girl and has inherited a large fortune.

Miss Audenried was educated at the Manhattan-
ville Convent of the Sacred Heart, and before she
left school became a convert to the Catholic religion.
For a while she was so enthusiastic over
overt life that she had serious notions of taking
the veil and went back to school for a post graduate
course in music. After she made her debut she
was overwhelmed with attentions and offers. She
has spent most of the last three years in Europe
and there made the acquaintance of the Count
Devonne.

Mrs. and Miss Audenried returned from France
late in the fall and by one of those happy coinci-
dences Count Devonne was sent out to America
with some special duties to perform for the French
government.

He has concluded one part of his
mission very satisfactorily in having the pretty
Miss Audenried accept his hand and coronet and she
has also established such a wide acquaintance that
everybody is glad at his good luck.

Count Devonne has a comfortable income from
his French possessions and cannot be called a for-
tune hunter. His family are as pleased as himself
with his fiancée, and there was general congratula-
tion all around when the fair young lady permitted
the engagement to become public property about a
month ago. His three brothers arrived last week
from Europe and will represent the family at the
wedding. The bride's gown on her wedding day
will be a dream, and St. Matthew's will probably
never see a prettier bride.

The cottagers who have tarried at Newport with
the expectation of a mild winter have come to the
conclusion that they are experiencing more severe
weather than has ever been their misfortune be-
fore.

Thus far the weather has been unusually severe,
but it is some consolation to know that there will
be plenty of ice next season for all purposes.

The shivering cottagers tried as hard as possible
to enjoy all there was of New Year's Day, and a few
held small receptions and there were several din-
ners in the evening.

There is splendid sleighing at Newport, and this
is an unusual treat and one that is being thoroughly
utilized.

The principal sport is on Bellevue avenue.
Another attraction this last week was the "Clem-
enceau Case."

The audience comprised some of the leading

ISABELLA AND DON ROSE—"LAFAYETTE," ACT II.

families, but should the play be presented here
again the young people will be left at home.

The live, rollicking, wicked model wore more
clothes than she did when the Boston Aldermen
suppressed the play, but the addition was hardly
noticeable and the gallery gods even blushed, but
none of the ladies left their seats or even blushed.
The play is just now the sensation of the day.

There are no new developments in the club house
row at Newport, and none are expected for several
weeks.

A Boston newspaper sent a special re-
porter there last week to interview all
the parties who are interested in the unfor-
tunate affair, and thus a private organization,
second to none of the kind in the country, is
brought into unenviable notoriety, and the mem-
bers are placed on the defensive.